

In Commemoration of Mr. *Christopher Love*, who was
beheaded on Tower-hill the 22. of August. 1651.

1.

VHy should I call the sacred *Muses*, and
Implore the aid of their assisting hand?
Why should I ask a rapid Eagles quill,
Since with my tears I could whole volumes fill?
Which like a flowing Spring-tide freely rise
From the exuberous Fountains of mine Eyes.

2.

What do I dream, or are my Sences fled,
Or is't a reall truth, that *LOVE* is dead?
(Oh) too too true, alas, how could it be
LOVE should survive, when men want Charitie?
Sion laments, our Joy, our Peace is fled,
All things at variance fall, and *LOVE* is dead.

3.

What stay a Prophet? that's a Fact indeed,
A Land-destroying Sin, *London* take heed:
For such Prepostrous Courses will undo
The thy Associates, and this Kingdom too;
If once Gods Messengers are abused, we
To stay destruction, have no remedie.

4.

It is no wonder Tigers should pursue
Such harmles Preys, as he who never knew
What Treason ment: Some at the Action smil'd,
Herod and *Pilate* then were reconcil'd;
They all adjudged him Jointly, yet each Cry,
Who is it that condemn'd him? tis not I.

5.

Are these the Men whose fair pretences made
The better Sort rejoice, the worse afraid;
Who hold the equall Beam of Justice Scale,
And say they seek nought but the Common Weal?
Me thinks tis strange, that *Lambs* should *Lions* prove,
And *Saints* be at such enmity with *LOVE*.

6.

Did he not rather chuse to Sacrifice
His Life, then wound his Conscience: and despise
A Death for *Jesu*s sake, while he supposes,
Himself call'd to Mount *Nebo*, as was *Moses*:
How little need was there of Armed Troops
To inviron him, whose God was all his hopes.

7.

How willingly he took his Saviours Yoak,
How Boldly and Courageously he Spoke;
With what unmoved constancy he laid,
His Neck upon the Block, no whit dismay'd?
Spectators were asham'd that they should be
Far more oppress'd with sorrow, then was he.

8.

Passion prevails, I cannot speak the rest,
With such a weight of Grief my heart's oppress'd:
However surely 'twas a fatall blow,
And may procure a sudden overthrow
To the cheif Actors: *Sampsons* latt fall slow more
Philistians, then all his Life before.

9.

Why did not Heaven and Earth at this agree,
To let us know some strange *Catastrophe*?
Why did the Sun move, or the Sphears not cease
Their furious Motion, at this *Saints* Decease?
Since Thander claps, and sable mourning Skies
Did celebrate his Funerall *Obsequies*.

10.

(Oh) stupid men, Petitions would not save
His Life from Foes, nor yet him from the Grave:
Nor was his Age, or spotles innocence,
Enough to guard him from the violence
Of those whose Will's a Law, and dye he must;
To satisfy some Mens ambitious Lust.

11.

Was not his Accusation high and Large,
Witnesses disagreed about his Charge;
Was there not some suborned hir'd to swear
Against him falsly, whom for ought I can hear
May hang like *Judas*, since they could dispence
To sell him though for more then thirty pence.

12.

His Life was made a Prey, to some whose guile
Of Justice would not serve to blind the wise,
Who well perceiv'd the Cause: but tis no News,
Pilate did thus to gratifie the Jews;
Wherefore judge ye, if proud *Mars* hath not driven
With his keen Sword, *Africa* unto Heaven.

13.

Come hither *Stoick*, here is that will make
Thy tears prove passion, for this Martyrs sake;
For such indeed's our losse, that we might borrow
The Copy of an everlasting Sorrow:
Since he is cut off, whose very Name of right
Should not be nam'd without an Epethite.

14.

But stay O *Muse*, and do not thou disturb
His Sacred Ashes while they sleep, but curb
Passion by reason: Let faith make thee know,
He joyes above, while we lament below;
That fair though fatall blow, his Soul hath sent
A silent *Victim* to the Firmament.

15.

Thus one of *Sions* pillars was betraid
To Dust and Ashes: thereby happy made;
Was by some envious Critricks taken from
Those hideous troubles which are like to come
Upon the Earth: And now in Heaven he Sings
Melodious Anthems, to the King of Kings.

Excubat Deus & dissipantur inimici.

FINIS. 29.